Bad attitude

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by KagomeBenihime

Summary

After a bad day at work, Will snaps at Hannibal. Hannibal is certainly not going to tolerate such rude behavior.

"Good afternoon, Will." Hannibal said, smiling as the scruffy teacher came in, "how was your day?"

Will didn't respond other than a gruff curse and a dark look.

Hannibal blinked, surprised, Will was usually at least civil when he had a bad day, what could have happened? Hannibal put down his pencil, abandoning the sketch he'd been working on and followed Will upstairs.

Will had in the library, pouring himself a large whiskey and moving to one of the deep armchairs.

Hannibal gave him a disappointing look, "Will, I think that's a bit much for-"

"Just fuck off Hannibal!" Will snapped, "I am not dealing with your disquisition on the subject of my drink!"

Hannibal's mouth snapped shut in surprise as Will knocked back half the drink in one go.

Hannibal's back straightened, his shoulders squared, he didn't know what had brought this mood about, but he wasn't going to have it.

"William." He said softly.

Will stiffened slightly at the tone, surprised.

"You have thirty minutes to be showered, shaved, and dressed. Then I am taking you out to eat, then then I'm going to take you to bed and fuck whatever this attitude you've picked up right back out of you. Now move."

Will stared at Hannibal, mouth hanging open in shock.

Hannibal snapped sharply, pointing to the door sternly, like Will would do to get the dogs moving when they were being petulant.

Will scrambled up, his drink abandoned on the side table as he hurried off to the bedroom to shower.

True to his word, Hannibal took the, now much less scruffy, teacher out for a nice dinner at one of his favorite restaurants, Will was rather meek through the whole dinner, keeping his eyes down and speaking softly.

Once the meal was done, Hannibal led Will out to the car, hand at the small of his back, opening the door for him and helping him in before climbing in himself.

Hannibal looked at Will, smiling at the blush slowly covering Will’s cheeks.

"Will." Hannibal said softly, Will looked over nervously, Hannibal smiled gently, "You can't wait till we're home, can you, dear boy…"

Will swallowed thickly, shaking his head slightly.

Hannibal nodded, "Alright." He opened his pants, pulling himself free, "Keep me warm until we're home." He said, no argument in his words.

Will moved forward immediately, sliding Hannibal into his mouth with a soft moan.

"Good boy," Hannibal murmured as he started the car.

They drove home quickly and once the garage door was closed behind them, Hannibal tugged Will's curls sharply, "off."

Will obeyed quickly, though not without a soft whine of loss.

Hannibal tisked softly and Will dropped his eyes quickly, "Upstairs." Hannibal commanded, "Strip, and wait for me. Acknowledge?"

Will nodded slightly.

"Good." Hannibal said, "off you go then."

Will was out of the car and through the door in a moment.

Hannibal got out at a leisurely pace, walking slowly up the stairs and entering the bedroom.

Will was kneeling on the bed, hands in his lap and head down, waiting.

"Word?" Hannibal asked softly as he deposited what he'd gathered from the kitchen and got undressed.

"Sailboat." Will said softly.

Hannibal nodded, "You know what's first, don't you?"

Will nodded and Hannibal sat on the bed. Will moved forward, laying across Hannibal's lap.

"I think ten is enough." Hannibal said, his hand stroking over Will's ass, "count them for me." With that, Hannibal brought his hand down in a sharp swat, one to each side, watching the bright pink as it faded.

"T-two." Will sighed softly.

Hannibal continued, alternating sides until they had reached ten, "Well done." Hannibal said softly, soothing the now reddened skin, "now, hands and knees."

Will got up, moving to the middle of the bed, lowering to his elbows, his ass in the air.

Hannibal moved up behind him, "prep, or rough?" He asked, stroking along Will's spine.

"R-rough." Will gasped, shivering, "rough, please."

Hannibal smiled, "Good boy for being polite." He said softly before lining up and pushing in in one long stroke.

A whine was punched out of Will’s chest as his head fell forward into his folded arms.

Hannibal leaned closer, pressing his chest to Will’s back and mouthing at his neck as he began to thrust sharply, hard and deep.

Will’s moans and gasps got louder as he gripped the sheets tightly, moaning out encouragement as he tried to push back into the thrusts.

"You were extremely rude to me earlier," Hannibal said softly into Will’s ear, "so you will cum from my cock alone, I won't touch you, if you don't cum before I finish, then you don't finish."

Will whined sharply, nodding slightly as Hannibal picked up the pace.

Will needn't have worried, Hannibal had the stamina of an Akhal-Teke, by the time Hannibal came deep inside Will, Will had come at least twice and was quivering with the overstimulation.

Hannibal pulled away and Will collapsed to the mattress, whimpering softly.

Hannibal gathered Will into his arms, holding a water bottle to his lips, "Drink, love."

Will gulped quickly, downing the entire bottle, Hannibal brought another to his mouth, giving him half of it before laying Will down again. Hannibal then gathered a warm wet towel and gently cleaned Will.

Once they were cleaned, Hannibal laid with Will settled on his chest, stroking Will's spine gently.

"Do you want to tell me what made you so upset earlier?" Hannibal asked softly.

Will shook his head sleepily, "Nothing important…" he murmured, "I'm sorry I snapped at you…"

Hannibal smiled, kissing Will’s curls gently, "It's alright, Will. Get some sleep…"

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